

## SACRIFICE

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ing back foiled in his purpose  
? No,  
that cannot be. Thy miracle  
needs  
not time, O Mistress of all  
time,  
terrible with thy necklace of  
human  
skulls. [JAISING *rushes*  
*in.*  
Jaising, where is the blood ?

### *Jaising*

It is with me. Let go my  
hands,  
Let me offer it myself  
(*entering the*  
*temple*). Must thou have  
kingly blood,  
Great Mother, who  
nourishest the  
world at thy breast with life ?  
—I am  
of the royal caste, a Kshatriya.  
My  
ancestors have sat upon  
thrones, and  
there are rulers of men in my  
mother's  
line. I have kingly blood in my  
veins.  
Take it, and quench thy  
thirst for  
ever. [*Stabs himself,*  
*and fatts.*

### *Raghupati*

Jaising 1 O cruel,  
ungrateful! You  
have done the blackest  
crime. You